

ACADEMY HERALD



GOULD'S ACADEMY.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS
OF GOULD'S ACADEMY
BETHEL, MAINE.

VOL. IV., NO. 1.

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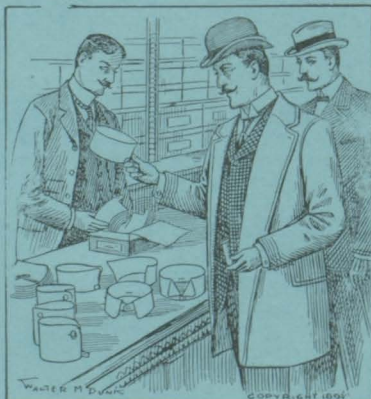
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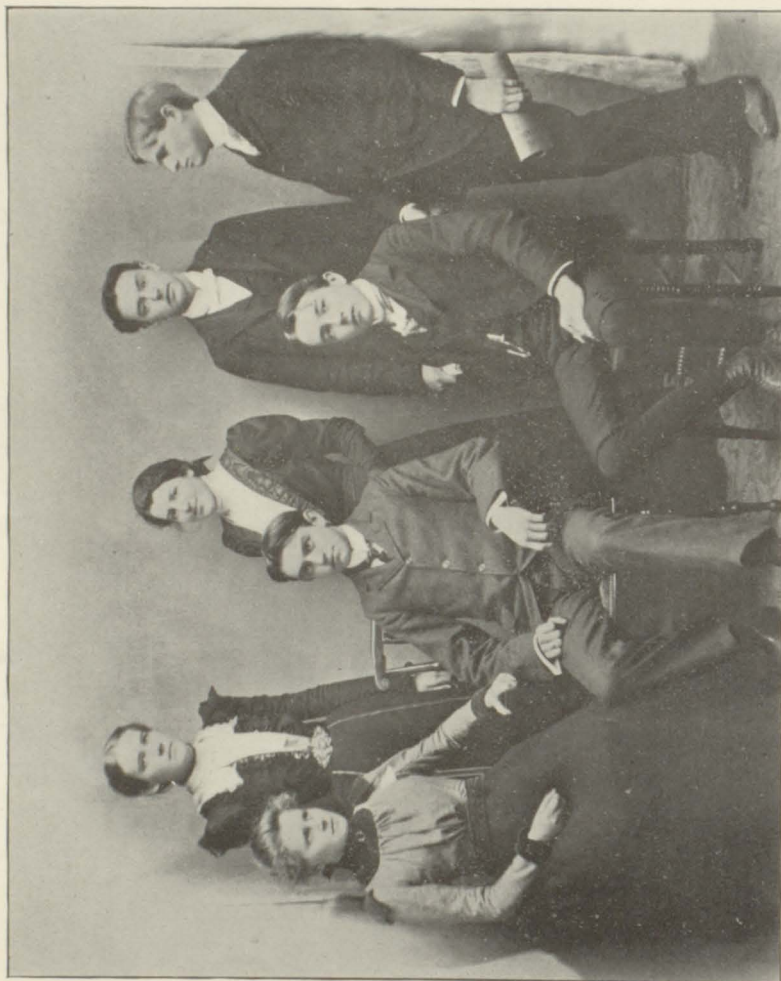
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The Academy Herald.

VOL. IV.

BETHEL, MAINE, NOVEMBER, 1899.

NO. 1

The Academy Herald,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

GOULD'S ACADEMY.

Published by the Students.

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Editorial.

IT is always with diffidence and hesitancy that an editorial board takes up its duties for the first time, and it is with no slight misgivings that we now present to the public gaze, the result of our first effort in the editorial line. We appreciate the ability of our predecessors who have laid and established the excellent reputation which the HERALD now has, and while we have not expected to make our work surpass, or even equal theirs in excellence, still we have the satisfaction that comes from having done our best, and we hope to do better when a ripper experience and a wider knowledge shall be ours. We have striven to produce a creditable school journal. It has been our ambition to make it worthy of the school it represents, and of interest to the students, alumni, and townspeople alike. You will note several changes along certain lines, and we hope they will be considered an improvement rather than a deduction from the general merit of the issue. We are, indeed, grateful to the public for past favors, and begging your continued approval and support, we now submit this number of the HERALD.

DO you, the people of Bethel, fully realize to what extent the success of the HERALD lies with you? Do you fully understand the value of your assistance without which the paper must be a partial failure? Although

the editors and managers may work with all their might, the success of the paper is, in a measure, in the hands of the community. The present managers have taken up their work with earnest zeal and a firm determination to make the HERALD, this year, more of a financial success than in former years. They have entered upon new fields, and secured the aid of those willing to co-operate with them and patronize them. From a literary standpoint the HERALD has already won a place among the leading school papers in the State, and with a long list of subscribers and advertisers, it may be made a means of supplying funds to fill some of the long-felt needs of the Academy. To this end we are working. We take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to all who have given their aid in the past and to thank, in advance, the patrons of the present issue.

MUCH of the success in life depends upon the proper improvement of opportunities, and he who fails to make the most of these must not complain if he does not win the goal. We must distinguish between occasions and opportunities; the former come to us by chance, and from these occasions, opportunities arise. Youth is full of opportunities, and, as we improve or neglect them in early life, so will be our ability to improve them in after life. Anyone, who will conscientiously devote himself to whatever he may undertake, will surely find enough to do.

SIDNEY SMITH said that "manners are the shadows of virtue." Certainly a man's behavior is, in a large measure, the outward expression of what he really is. Rough dress and coarse speech tell of a coarse character. The word, gentleman, is not to be given to a man's circumstances, but to his behavior in them. Whatever place a man has in life, he can be a gentle-

man, and the fact that he is a gentleman will manifest itself in his good manners. Some people seem to think it impossible to be cordial and hearty in manner without being boisterous, but it is possible for thorough cordiality to be expressed by delicacy of behavior and gentleness of speech. Good manners are possible to everyone who is true, kind, and considerate. Let the heart be right first, and the rest is easily learned. As the heart expresses itself in good manners, so good manners react to increase goodness of heart.

"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise
Be each, pray God, a gentleman."

THERE is one phrase that haunts the teacher the world over. It is, "I am not prepared." We hear it often-times instead of a quotation at the morning exercises; we hear it in the class-room and we hear it repeatedly as the time for declaiming draws near. I am sure our teachers would enjoy a change in the wording of this familiar saying; but, after all, would it not be better to refrain from any excuse of the same significance. Our compositions should be written just as carefully when we know that no one is to read them but our teachers, as when we are to read them before the school; and our declamations should be promptly and carefully prepared, for they would not be required of us were it not for our own best good. Let us attend to these matters more carefully in the future, and it will be the means of saving our beloved principal much annoyance, besides proving an invaluable aid to ourselves in the formation of the habits of punctuality, and right-thinking.

When we reflect that life is so full of neglected little opportunities to improve ourselves and others, we shall feel that there is no need of aspiring after great occasions to do good.

Communications.

—NOTE. These letters came too late for publication in our last issue.

East Machias, Me., Mar. 17, 1899.

DEAR EDITORS:

I have read the last number of "The Academy Herald," and consider it the best school paper that I have seen, both in mechanical execution, and in literary excellence. You and the Academy are to be congratulated. I am also pleased that Gould's Academy is so prosperous. May the good work go on.

The town ought to give the institution its whole-hearted support. Every scholar in Bethel should be given an equal opportunity to attend and to receive the benefits of its training. It can do this in no better way than by raising High School money and contracting with the Academy to pay the tuition of all town scholars who are fitted to do the Academy work. This policy is followed in East Machias with entire satisfaction. It has proved to be for the mutual interest of the Academy, and of the citizens of the town.

Hoping for the continued success of "Old Gould's," and with hearty good wishes for the students and people of Bethel, I am,

Very truly yours,

FRED O. SMALL.

Mesilla Park, New Mexico, Apr. 25, 1899.

DEAR FRIENDS:

When the request came to me for an article for the "Herald," my first thought was, "I have nothing new to tell you," but upon thinking it over, I have concluded that perhaps you would like a description of our Agricultural College.

The main building is a brick structure, of two stories and basement, trimmed with stone, and containing thirteen rooms. Its cost was about \$25,000. It is well supplied

with water and lighted with electricity. On the first floor is the library, president's office, clerk's office, and a number of recitation rooms. On the second floor, besides several class rooms, is McFie Hall, which is used for lectures, entertainments, and the Physical Culture class. There is a piano which is used for the exercises. The basement is devoted entirely to the Preparatory department.

The schools of the territory do not rank very high, and it is necessary to make the Preparatory department quite a prominent feature in order to obtain students properly fitted for college work. We have a Principal and four assistants in this department.

The library contains about 3300 volumes besides all the text-books, which are furnished free. There are also about fifty periodicals and newspapers to be found here, all of them for the students' use.

At the north of the main building is situated Science Hall, a large two-story brick building, containing eleven large rooms, and five smaller ones. The lower floor is used by the chemical department, while the upper floor is occupied by the biological departments. They contain a large quantity of valuable apparatus belonging to the different departments.

South of the main building are located the two Engineering buildings. They comprise, beside two large recitation rooms, commodious rooms for wood work, machine work, foundry, blacksmithing, and a forty horse-power steam plant.

The Girls' Dormitory is a new brick building, situated on the College Farm. It contains on the first floor, a large dining hall, a reception room, kitchen, and the matron's rooms. Upstairs are eleven well lighted and ventilated sleeping rooms, also a nice bath room.

Back of the main building are the feed rooms and horse stables, for most of the pupils have to ride. It is no uncommon sight to see twenty of the students come dashing across the campus on horseback,

each trying to see who will be first at the sheds.

An adobe farm building is located near the center of the farm. It consists of a residence for the assistant in Agriculture and Horticulture, and a large room for storing seeds, supplies, etc. The greenhouse, and sheds for storing the farm implements and machinery, are located near the farm building. The Experiment Station Farm includes orchards, gardens, and vineyards, and contains a large collection of the leading fruit trees and plants. I want no prettier sight than to look from my window these mornings and see the orchards in full bloom, and to hear the sweet notes of the mocking-birds and meadow larks.

There are several societies connected with the college: the Columbian Literary Society, the P. S. and W. E. Society, a society of a literary nature, exclusively for girls; a Science Club, and an Athletic Association. Among the young gentlemen, foot ball is very popular, while the young ladies indulge in basket ball. There are two fine tennis courts, and every pleasant day, professors, and students of both sexes may be seen busily engaged in this pastime. The first Friday of May is field day, and medals are awarded to the successful competitors. We have eleven professors and fourteen instructors and assistants.

Do you wonder that we are proud of our institution?

Very truly,
ELLEN F. GIBSON.

Profaneness is a low, groveling vice. He who indulges in it is no gentleman. I care not what may be his stand in society; I care not what clothes he wears, or what culture he boasts; despite all his refinement, the light and habitual taking of God's name in vain, betrays a coarse nature and a brutal will.—E. H. Chapin.

Literary.

Beyond the Alps Lies Italy.

LEON V. WALKER.

[Delivered at Commencement Exercises, Gould's Academy, June 9, 1899.]

IT was in the spring of 218 B. C. Hannibal, with an army of one hundred thousand men, set out from New Carthage against the Roman power in Italy. On every side he was beset by the hostile tribes of the countries through which he passed. At every turn he was met by hardship and discouragement. At length, with an army disheartened, and thinned in ranks by disease and battle, he reached the foot-hills of the Alps, and paused before those mighty barriers, rearing their summits high above the clouds. Winter was at hand, and heavy snows were falling on the trail. But Hannibal, undaunted by these gloomy prospects, led his army into the pass, and began the steep ascent. Man after man succumbed to the intense cold, or was dashed over the cliffs by stones hurled down upon them by the enemy on the heights above. Sometimes the benumbed, half-starved men were obliged to cut new roads through the ice and rock. At last, the army reached the summit, and looked down upon the smiling plains of Italy. Oh, the feeling of joy that must have thrilled the hearts of those poor soldiers, as they again saw warmth and plenty before them! Hannibal enthused them still more by these words: "You are standing upon the Acropolis of Italy; yonder lies Rome." When the lowlands were reached, of that magnificent army with which Hannibal had left Spain, only twenty-six thousand men remained; but his fame was assured; he had overcome all difficulties, and now marched on to those glorious victories and brilliant campaigns which have made his name immortal.

Two thousand years rolled away; and again an army stood at the foot of those mountains. At its head was Napoleon. Fully did he realize the difficulty of the undertaking; fully did he realize that in the defiles of those mountains, famine and death had their abode. But to that brave soul, to which defeat was then unknown, no obstacle was so great, no hardship so severe, as to deter him from attempting to carry out any purpose upon which his mind had become fixed. Up steep cliffs, over glaciers from which, oftentimes, men and horses slipped into the abyss below, never faltering, he led his army on, and at length, descended to the valley of the Po, and to victory.

The true aim of life is success; not the success that enriches itself, dishonestly, from some poor fellow-being's pocket, or heightens itself by standing on his prostrate form; not the success that flaunts itself before the eyes of man, and boasts its own grandeur; not glory, fame; but the success that feels its highest reward, and hears its sincerest praise in the consciousness of ingrafted virtue, acquired nobility, and self-mastery.

The desire for success is a universal sentiment. The man was never born, who did not at some period of his existence, feel a longing for greatness. Were it not so, had God not implanted in the human breast an ambition to achieve some important end, what pleasure or profit would there be in living—living content, self-satisfied, passive, with no spur to goad us on to success, nor spirit to sustain us if we reach it. Again, I say, the desire for success is universal. Yet, too often, youthful ambition is blighted by the frosts of circumstances or dwarfed by unfortunate environment.

For the attainment of success, three things are necessary: resolve or determination, mental and physical preparation, and perseverance. Without these qualities, no one can expect to rise far above the "common clod." If one has not the resolution or determination to undertake, he cannot attain; if he has not the physical and mental

strength to carry out, he will fail; and, lastly, if he does not apply himself diligently to his task, if he allows himself to be turned from his course by the fickle winds of fortune, "he will die, and leave his errand unfulfilled."

Fortunately these are qualities not granted by chance, to a few, only; they are within the reach of all. No mind is so weak that it cannot conceive the height toward which humanity tends, or is so devoid of the finer sensibilities, that it does not sometimes long to tread the paths over which the great have made their way into the hearts of men. Only let this desire be seized upon and changed into a resolve, a purpose.

There is no excuse for improper physical and mental preparation, for, with few exceptions, proper care and exercise will preserve the physical health; and surely, with the educational opportunities of to-day, ignorance need stand between no one and success.

The quality of perseverance, though more often acquired in youth, during school life, is yet attainable to every one. If little tasks are carefully performed, the mind will be trained into a state in which pride causes the heart to revolt at the very thought of giving up.

The struggle for success is no mere pastime to be engaged in only when life's pleasures grant a brief intermission; it is no odd job to be worked at only when inclination moves us. It is a hard earnest battle which demands the denial of many of those trifling pleasures with which so many lives are filled, which demand the consummation of the highest mental power and physical energy which God has given us.

To-day, a third great host, mightier than the armies of Hannibal and Napoleon, we, the youth of to-day, falter at the foot of life's Alps, awed by their towering peaks and gloomy aspect. Let us fill our hearts with determination and a resolution to scale those mountains ere our span of life be done. Let us arm ourselves with the best

weapons and protection that education affords, and go on. We enter the mountains. On every side rugged rocks rear their bristling brows. On every side, that glistening, blinding expanse of snow and ice. Little wonder that so many, dazzled by its brightness, lose their way and wander off to the darker realms of infamy and disgrace. Here, just beneath our feet, at the bottom of an almost fathomless abyss, a rushing river roars, throwing high its seething foam as it dashes from rock to rock. Along the very brink of the chasm we go. Stop! save him! Too late! Pierced by temptation's dart, shot from the heights above, he falls over the verge into the raging torrent below, and is gone. But to brave hearts, the failure of another is no discouragement. There is not one of us who cannot, if he will, outclimb temptation. Day after day we press on, hewing our way through stone and ice. We have passed the line of clouds, and now we see the summit, shrouded in a glorious halo of golden light, as the sun of life shines down upon it from the zenith of our hopes. One effort more; and we have reached the Acropolis of the Italy of success; yonder lies the honor, the calm, the rest, the peace of Rome.

Influence of the Spanish-American War on History.

WITH the arrival of Dewey in America, the interest in our recent war is again revived, and we very naturally question as to the probable influence of the war upon the future history of our republic.

It is not improbable that when the events of the war shall have been given their true perspective in the annals of the ages, they will be found of greater importance in their influence upon the affairs of this nation and upon the progress of civilization, than the events of any similar period since the be-

ginning of our national existence.

At the present time we are too close to these events to realize their full significance, or to comprehend the great influence which they seem destined to exert on the history and progress of the world.

Regarded from a military stand-point alone, the war between the United States and Spain was, on the whole, a rather tame affair. The number of men engaged was small, and there was no great battle. The battles of Manila and Santiago would have been great, had the Spanish vessels been anything like a match for our warships; but everything seemed to favor us from the first, the cause, the object, position, military skill and the almost total exemption from loss sustained by our navy as compared with the heavy losses of the Spanish fleet.

It is from the stand-point of the historian that the war may be regarded as a great conflict. It was great, rather in the light of its probable consequences than its immediate results. It has changed the map of the world; it has strengthened our republic, and weakened the kingdom of Spain. But the greatest consequence will be in the emergence of the American nation from the isolation of its inter-oceanic boundaries into the higher, the more perilous and the more aggressive of a world-power. No step which we, as a nation, have taken in the past, was fraught with possibilities so great to the whole world, as was the entrance of our republic into the "turbulent arena" where the great nations of the world are struggling for supremacy.

Some pessimistic persons say we have made a great mistake in allowing ourselves to be drawn into our present situation. Some say it has been carried too far. The war was undertaken for a cause never before the object of war, undertaken with no selfish motives, with no desire to increase our already large territory. It was undertaken for the cause of humanity. In fact, if ever a war was waged by popular behest it was our war with Spain; but, in the course of

events, it has opened up to us a vast amount of territory, valuable, not only for commerce, but in times of war.

We made history rapidly during the war, history which is destined to have a far-reaching and potent influence upon the future. The colonists whom we have liberated are now ours; the long ages of oppression are ended; their future is in our hands. It will be well for us, if we use our new possessions to the benefit of mankind and the uplifting of the standard of civil government.

That we shall be able to deal successfully with the great national problems which now confront us, no American, who has faith in his country and its cause, can honestly doubt.

W. H. H., 1900.

Dido and Aeneas.

AMONG all the love stories of the ages, past and present, in which affections are trifled with and hearts broken, the story of Dido is perhaps the most touching and pathetic.

Many years before time was recorded, from Phœnicia's sunny shore, there sailed away a fair fugitive, escaping the treachery of a false brother. This luckless maiden, attended by many serving maids, and with her ships laden with riches, drifted to a promontory off the coast of Africa, where she landed, and bought of the savage inhabitants enough land to found a city, whose name should one day strike terror to the heart of the Roman who should even breathe the word, "Carthage." Here she made her home, and was perfectly contented and happy in the building of her city, until one day there came to anchor in the harbor a fleet of weather-beaten vessels of a foreign appearance.

The hospitable queen of the city went down to the shore and welcomed the visitors with

the grace and assurance, that were always hers. Among the strange looking persons who landed, was one whose bearing was such, and whose face and form told of such nobility, that the curiosity and interest of the queen was immediately aroused and, he, being the apparent leader of the party, was conducted to a room in the royal castle. It was not long before Æneas, for it was he, was led into Dido's presence, who, after questioning him as to his name, nationality, and destination, demanded the story of his wanderings. She sat for hours at a time listening breathlessly to the tale of the fated Troy, Æneas' escape, and many attempts to find a home, with his subsequent failures.

As the story grew, Dido's interest grew also, and with it an inexpressible something that consumed her whole being and thoughts. And before she knew it, Cupid had strung his bow, and fastened her heart to that of this strange man, of whom she knew nothing beyond his own story of his heroic exploits. Æneas became fascinated with the beauty and elegance of the queen, but developed no such passion as had taken possession of Dido. Now, she was never happy unless in his presence, hence he was continually at her side. And thus a strange wooing was carried on, as if Æneas' stay at Carthage had been one long leap year—and possibly it was, who knows? Be that as it may, it came about that Æneas accepted the proffered hand of his fair lover, and announced to his followers that he would remain at Carthage. Was here at last to be had rest and plenty after all their trials and defeats? The best and wisest thing to do was to comply, and try to forget their mission as the founders of a state and people destined to rule the world.

But their ease and forgetfulness were of short duration, for there came to that African city one bright morning, a messenger, none other than the gilded Mercury, who delivered to Æneas a message from Jupiter, telling him to hasten and complete

the unfinished task imposed upon him by the gods, and to leave Carthage at once. Æneas knew that the command must be obeyed, but he could scarcely summon courage to tell his bride, whose heart he knew would break. But it must be done, so finally he told Dido that he must leave her, perhaps only for a short time, but she must spare him for a little while. Dido threw herself at his feet, and begged with all the strength and power of her passion for him not to think of a separation from her. Æneas tried several times to induce her to consent to let him go, but without avail.

So one dark and silent night, when all Carthage was buried in slumber, Æneas and his followers stole down to the shore and rowed, with muffled oars, slowly out into the Mediterranean, without so much as one regretful thought of Dido and her generous hospitality.

The following morning, when the news of their departure was brought to the queen, she was at first dumb-founded and incredulous, then bewildered and heart broken, throwing herself into a paroxysm of grief. She spent whole days and nights in weeping, and, when finally she had drained the font of tears, and realized that she could not live without Æneas, she gave orders to have a funeral-pile constructed, and, after ascending it and thrusting a dagger to her heart, she died, with a curse against Æneas' faithlessness, on her lips.

As the smoke of her burning bier arose to the skies, Cupid and Venus, looking down from Olympus' top, brushed away a tear at the sacrifice of this poor creature who died the victim of unrequited love.

E. L. H., 1901.

—No man lives without foibles or peculiarities: and instead of ungenerously exposing those of others to ridicule or contempt, we should make allowances for them in order to receive an indulgence for our own.

"Laddie."

IT was a dark, stormy night, and the little village of Clifton was in a state of wild excitement. A ship in distress had been seen outside the harbor. The men were getting out the lifeboat, while the women kept the fires bright, warmed clothing and made hot porridge for the men, when they should return, wet and exhausted.

When the lifeboat had been manned, the brave men pulled hard to help the poor creatures on that doomed vessel, before it was too late; but the storm had lashed the waves to such fury that they were not able to reach the ship before she went down.

The women had all gathered at Sandy Beecher's cottage, where his cheery wife, Margaret, was telling of fiercer storms, and trying to encourage the faint-hearted wives and mothers. When the men returned, safe and sound, they, too, assembled at Sandy's cottage.

"Nay, we saved no one but this mite," said the men as they held out to Margaret a beautiful boy about two years old. He had been picked up as he drifted, lashed to a spar. "Poor souls, they have gone on a long voyage and left this child to face the world alone; but we will help him, mates," said Sandy. "Aye, aye!" they said.

After the men had eaten their supper at Sandy's, they returned to their separate homes, leaving the child with Sandy and Margaret.

The little stranger seemed happy in his new home, and soon forgot to call for "Mamma" or "Papa." He was loved by all in the hamlet, from the hardest-hearted old seaman to the youngest child, and was regarded as the village pet.

There was no clue to assist them in finding the child's relatives. The clothes he wore were of fine quality, and a rich, gold locket was suspended from a chain which was clasped around his neck. In the locket, were two locks of hair, one, a glossy brown,

the other, golden, like the boy's own. The villagers believed that he belonged to a noble family.

With these humble folks, the boy grew to the age of ten years, and was called by all just "the lad."

In a curious, weather-beaten old shanty in Clifton, lived an eccentric old seaman, Uncle Tom Beacon, who, though somewhat gruff and forbidding, possessed a kind heart, withal, and was loved and respected. Uncle Tom had taught school in his younger days, but had given up teaching for the free life of the sea.

With this kind friend the lad studied; and besides, learned many lessons not found in books.

When the lad was about ten years old, he began to think seriously of going away. Only once he mentioned it, and then Uncle Tom told him never to think of it again. Nevertheless, he did think of it, for he knew these kind friends were very poor, Uncle Tom being the only one with a few dollars laid by for a rainy day.

One morning the lad did not appear at breakfast time, and Margaret found a note under his plate, saying that he knew of their extreme poverty and had gone away, where he could earn his own living and perhaps be able to help them besides.

The village was in a tumult. Never had there been such excitement since that memorable night, eight years ago, when their darling had come to them.

The villagers knew it would be useless to go after him, since he could reach the city and mingle with the crowd before they could overtake him. So they went about their work, hoping that their brave boy would return to them.

Meanwhile the lad had reached the outskirts of the city, when some rude boys came along. Seeing he was a stranger and alone, they pelted him with stones, then took his coat from him, and threw back an old ragged one to take its place.

A few days later, he appeared on the

streets of a large city with a bundle of papers under his arm, and joined a group of newsboys who greeted him with, "Hello, rags! What's yer name and where'd yer come from?" He told them he was "the lad," from Clifton. The boys liked him already.

He had been in the city two months, when, one afternoon, a queer looking old man, wearing a long cloak, a slouch hat and carrying a large green umbrella, came up to a group of newsboys, and asked if they would show him to a modest hotel.

"Naw, couldn't think of it," lazily replied one. Another said, "There's a feller round the corner who'll be willing ter show yer the way, and carry that stylish looking umbrel' inter the bargain; he's the handsomest, perliest chap on the staff, and mind yer give him a nickel."

The old man turned around the corner and came face to face with the lad. "Uncle Tom!" "Laddie!" and there on the street, they wept for joy.

"I came to find you, my lad, but did not expect to be successful so soon." "Come, I'll take you to a place where we can talk undisturbed," and the boy started to cross the street.

"Runaway!" shouted the crowd on the sidewalk. Laddie looked down the street and saw a horse dashing toward him. He opened and shut the umbrella as fast as he could, right in the course of the flying horse. The horse stopped short with astonishment and was easily caught. Then how the onlookers cheered the brave boy!

It seems that Mr. Frank Percival and his wife were out driving. Mr. Percival left his wife in the carriage, while he went into a florist's to leave an order. He was gone but a moment; but, evidently, the horse was mischievous, for, without any cause whatever, he dashed away, and the lady was unable to stop him. However, when the horse came upon that large, flapping, green umbrella, he stopped quickly enough.

The lady was uninjured, and soon her hus-

band came up. He begged the boy and his friend to call at his house that evening. "You will want to know how my wife, whose life you have saved, recovers from the shock. Be sure to come," the gentleman said, when Laddie would have refused.

Uncle Tom and Laddie went to a small boarding house, where the old man engaged a room and ordered supper. "Now, my lad, tell me all about your life here," commanded Uncle Tom. Laddie obeyed, telling how he slept in cellars, old packing boxes, in fact, any place where he could find shelter.

That evening the Percivals received their grotesque looking visitors. "How much the child looks like you, my dear," said Mr. Percival. "I was just thinking how much he looked like our little Roger," Mrs. Percival replied.

"He's a fine lad, if I do say it," said Uncle Tom, and then he proudly related the story of the boy's life.

"The locket! let me see the locket!" exclaimed Mrs. Percival, and giving one glance at it, she cried, "My Roger, my boy!" and clasped the lad in her arms.

There was not a happier family in the world, than in the house which received back its lost heir.

The night of the wreck, the ship's boats had been put out, and after they were filled, it was found that the parents were placed in one boat, and the child with its nurse in another. The boy was the only one in the latter boat to reach the shore. The faithful nurse had performed her last duty toward the child, by lashing him to a spar.

Uncle Tom soon went back to the fishing village to carry the joyful news.

The noble boy is very happy, and every summer, accompanied by his parents, he visits his kind friends at Clifton. He is still loved by all who know him, and the news-boys proudly acknowledge Master Roger Percival as their friend.

G. M. C., 1902.

Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way.

SCHOOL NOTES.

—"Exams."

—Quotations.

—Run, Teddy, run!

—*Left, right; left, right!!!*

—"I won't be stumped by a girl!"

—"Oh, Hen, can you do that original?"

—Molecules—such darling little things!

—"Pay your money and take your choice."

—TO LET—A few good rooms in H. G's new shoes.

—"What happened to Fulton after that?"

"Why, he died!"

—"This Cæsar is enough to make a feller short-waisted!"

—Miss H.—(translating Cæsar) "And the shortness of time was so great."

—Do the members of the Cæsar class mean *ministers* when they say elders?

—Why did Carrie come back to school? Because she was Ho(l)mesick, of course.

—New parts of the verb Habeo—Habeo—habere—habebatis—ha-ba-bib-baby-moose.

—"Ethel, what are you going in there for?" "To inquire for G——, to be sure!"

"Of all sad words heard first or last,
The saddest are these, 'You haven't passed.'"

—"Come on girls! let's go up in the gym and dance; the whole shooting-match is going!"

—WANTED—Some of the boys (and girls) to put big tags on their left feet while marching.

—Miss K.—(translating the words, "*On rompit plus de douze lacets à force de les serres.*")—"They broke more than two dozen laces—" Teacher—"Hold on! don't stretch it any!"

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can do as well as they,
And, departing, leave behind us
All we can not take away."

—"It is better to be born with half an ounce of nickle-plated brains than a whole mouthful of golden spoons."

—Teacher—"Why are you studying Rhetoric?" Bright Student—"Because it comes in the course and I have to."

—Teacher—"Why will camphor dissolve in alcohol and not in water?" Mr. G.—"Why! alcohol is stronger than water!"

—"Tis said that white swans sing before they die. 'Twere no bad thing should certain people die before they sing."

Junior Class.

—WANTED—A new seat for P. M. A revolving chair preferred, so he can turn around and flirt with H. K. with less discomfort to himself.

—The writer of an article describing a descent to the bottom of a gold mine, says, "It was with a sigh of relief that we again stood on *vice versa*."

—Miss C.—(translating a French lesson) "The marriage was no sooner completed than the *mother-in-law* began to show her bad temper." (Poor man!)

—One of the members of the Geometry class was heard to say that a right angle was formed when one straight line falls on another straight line so as to form right angles with it.

—R. S. said he *believed* that "*Qui godronnait leurs manchettes*" was translated "Who attached their ruffles." But the teacher told him that boys were not expected to know about such things and he thought one of the girls would better translate it.

—A few of the girls have been obliged to dispense with one source of amusement, that of having their hair-ribbons "swiped" by certain young gentlemen(?)—as it takes so much time to dress their hair, and the school cannot afford to wait for them.

—Teacher—"What happened to him then?" Mr. H.—"He was awe-stricken." (ostracized).

—"What did the Anglo-Saxons look like?" Smart Boy—"I am sure I don't know for I never saw one."

—Several members of the Arithmetic class are to be envied, for they announced the other morning that they could buy several thousand acres of land with \$40.

—The first sociable of the term deserves honorable mention here. The prettily led marches, merry games, charades, singing of the dear old college songs, and bright happy faces, all made it a most enjoyable occasion.

—Miss G——, while translating a French lesson, pronounced the English word for 'citronille,' *pump-kin*, but was immediately told by the teacher that the correct pronunciation was *punkin*. Miss G——says she shall never try to put on airs again.

—On the afternoon of Oct. 9, school closed at 2.30, and the students were given an opportunity to attend the Centennial exercises at the Congregational church, and listen to an address by the Rev. Smith Baker of Portland. The address was eloquent and inspiring, and about seventy-five of the students improved the opportunity to see and hear one of Maine's most celebrated preachers. Later in the afternoon, Miss Purington received the members of the English Literature class at her home, and presented them to Prof. Henry Chapman of Bowdoin College. Mr. Chapman gave them a very interesting talk on the author then claiming the attention of the class. The students fully appreciate the thoughtfulness of Miss Purington in offering them so great a pleasure. In the evening, Prof. Chapman's lecture was listened to by a large number of the students. Mr. Chapman was especially interesting to G. A. students, from the fact that he fitted for college at Gould's and has always manifested much interest in the school.

—Below are the names of the officers of the respective classes:

SENIOR CLASS:

President, Merritt B. Gay.
Vice President, Maude Thurston.
Secretary and Treasurer, Charles Holmes.

JUNIOR CLASS:

President, E. L. Harvey.
Vice President, Ruth Bean.
Secretary and Treasurer, George Ryerson.
Executive Committee, Ethel Sanborn, Henrietta Douglass, Minnie Godwin.

SOPHOMORE CLASS:

President, Jerome Holmes.
Vice President, Everett Brown.
Secretary, Carrie Wight.
Treasurer, Maude Russell.
Executive Committee, Grace Chapman, Guy Barker, Gilbert Tuell.

FRESHMAN CLASS:

President, Chester Bean.
Vice President, Victor Gehring.
Secretary and Treasurer, Julia Carter.
Executive Committee, Ruth King, Chesley Saunders, Nora Ellingwood.

The following students are attending G.A. this fall for the first time:

Ezra K. Maxfield,
Ruby A. Wells,
Lula M. Arno,
Chester H. Bean,
Helen E. Bisbee,
Julia Carter,
Maud A. Davis,
Annie M. Eldredge,
Nora Ellingwood,
Howard Gunther,
Delia M. Glines,
Victor M. Gehring,
Ruth R. King,
Lorna Littlehale,
Laura W. Lowe,
Howard G. Philbrook,
Harry J. Purington,
Chesley F. Saunders,
Florence Skillings,
Bessie F. Stanley,
Francis A. Swan,
Ruby M. Thurston,

Walter Wight,
Agnes L. Barton,
Cornelia A. Bennett,
Miriam Herrick,
Guy J. Holmes,
Phil Morton,
Gladys R. Wiley,
Elsie M. Weitz.

Graduation, '99.

That the people of Bethel still retain their interest in Gould's Academy was fully demonstrated on the tenth of June, eighteen hundred and ninety-nine, when it became time for the class of '99 to sever its connection with G. A.

At an early hour everyone was astir and an air of expectancy hung over the village. Early Thursday afternoon the guests began to assemble in Odeon Hall, and what a picture met the eye! The front of the hall and the stage were profusely decorated with the class colors, green and white, potted plants, flowers and evergreens. The class motto, "Labore et Honore," appeared over the stage, while "G. A. '99," in white, on a green background, made a beautiful setting for the dignified young men and graceful young women.

The trustees, with the Rev. Arthur Varley, Prof. Hanscom, Assistants Messrs. Pratt and Spear, Misses Purington, Mayo and Billings occupied seats of honor on the stage.

Promptly at two o'clock, the class of '99, marshalled by Mr. Gay, 1900, marched slowly up the aisle, two by two, to the places assigned them. The exercises were carried out without a break, and reflect great credit on the class, the teachers, and the school. Each part was deserving of special mention, but time and space forbid. It is enough to say each part was fully appreciated and roundly applauded. The music was furnished by Chipman's orchestra, and added much

to the enjoyment of the occasion.

The diplomas were conferred by Prof. Hanscom with a few well-chosen words, which will long be remembered by the students as well as the '99ers.

Below is the programme and class ode.

PROGRAMME.

Music.

Invocation.

Music.

Salutatory, "Beyond the Alps Lies Italy,"

Leon Valentine Walker

"Trifles,"

Ethel May Morse

"Character is not Reputation,"

Cora H. Farwell

"What Next?"

Vivian Jewelle Kelliher

Music.

"Pyramids not all Egyptian," George Harold French

"The Arrow and the Song,"

Edith Devona Abbott

"Will it Pay?"

Sara Bundy Chapman

Class History,

Beatrice Earle Kelliher

Music.

Class Oration, "Labore et Honore,"

Robert Calvin Bisbee

Class Prophecy,

Florence Emma Carter

Presentation of Class Gifts,

Ruby Marcia Smith

Valedictory,

Mabel Vivian Shaw

Music.

Conferring of Diplomas.

Singing Class Ode.

Benediction.

Class Ode.

(Air, Juanita.)

GEORGE HAROLD FRENCH.

Comes now our parting
From the school we love so well ;
To friends and teachers,
Must we say farewell.
Glad have been our school days,

Quickly they have come and gone ;
Broader fields of labor
Now are beck'ning on.

CHORUS.

Gould's, dear old Gould's, dearer thou than
Tongue can tell ;
Gould's, dear old Gould's, now we say farewell.

Bright on our vision,
Gleams life's great and unknown sea ;
Strong 's our courage,
Sail we trustingly.
But whate'er our fortune,
Howe'er widely we may roam,
We shall ne'er forget thee,
Gould's, our school day's home.

In the evening the concert given by the Boston Ideal Quartette was enjoyed by a large and appreciative audience. On Friday evening the reception to the graduates proved one of the most enjoyable and brilliant social events Bethel has ever witnessed.

All success and a long life to each and every member of the class of '99.

Quotations Applied.

["The bearing of these observations lies in the application on 'em."]

A weak invention.

Excuses.

I don't see it.

G— Class Motto.

Good as a play.

Class Declamations.

I am slow of study.

Gunther.

All's well that ends well.

Morning Class Hymns.

And has a face like a blessing.

Fenwicke Holmes.

A mother's pride, a father's joy.

Dan Durell.

He laughed, and that was all he said.

Adrian Grover.

- The distant Saxons never injured me.
Chesley Saunders.
- She moves a goddess and she looks a queen.
Miss Bennett.
- I will speak in a monstrous little voice.
Grace Farwell.
- Whistling to keep from being afraid.
Maher.
- Whose little body lodg'd a mighty mind.
Victor Gehring.
- Young in limbs, in judgment old.
Jerome Holmes.
- We will answer all things faithfully.
Physics Class.
- As smooth as monumental alabaster.
Hall Stairs.
- A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.
Cushman.
- I never knew so young a body with so old a head.
Everett Brown.
- And whistled as he went, for want of thought.
Twaddle.
- As good be out of the world as out of fashion.
George Ryerson.
- The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light.
Emma Morse.
- Your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure.
Miss Mayo.
- I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark.
Goodwin.
- A proper man as one shall see in a summer's day.
Carlson.
- When night
Darkens the streets, then they wander forth.
Students on Friday (?) Nights.
- With a smile that glow'd
Celestial rosy-red, love's proper hue.
Ethel Sanborn.
- Deeper than plummet did ever sound
I'll drown my books.
Guy Holmes.
- How is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy?
Edward Stanley.
- Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman.
Miss Gehring.
- Those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honor.
Miss Purington.
- With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
Adelia Morse.
- I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by
daylight.
(Not) Will Holmes.
- Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries.
Geometry.
- Her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Henrietta Douglass.
- Every man has his fault, and honesty is his.
Guy Barker.
- Of all the girls that e'er was seen,
There's none so fine as Daisy.
Miss Dixon.
- From ignorance our comfort flows.
The only wretched are the wise.
Freshmen.
- But all the pleasure of the game
Is afar off to view the fight.
Foot Ball Practice.
- A lovely being, scarcely formed or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.
Maud Davis.
- One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.
Gould's Academy.
- Smiling always, with a never fading serenity of
countenance.
Miss Ellingwood.
- The true way to be deceived is to think one's self
more knowing than others.
Mercier.
- He, Greek and Latin speaks with greater ease
Than hogs eat acorns or tame pigeons, peas.
Mr. Johnson.
- So he, with difficulty and labor hard
Moved on, with difficulty and labor he.
Walter Wight.
- Just at the age, 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth.
Harry Purington.
- Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and forever.
Class of '99.

Young men think old men are fools : but old men
know young men are fools.

Upper and Lower Class Men.

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain.

Alton Richardson.

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.

Merritt Gay.

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer
than the staple of his argument.

Harry Farwell.

Ofttimes nothing profits more
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right
Well manag'd.

Maxfield.

The choice and master spirits of this age.

Our Teachers.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace
Of finer form or lovelier face.

Agnes Barton.

The singing singers
With vocal voices, most vociferous,
In sweet vociferation out-vociferate
Even sound itself.

Many G. A. Singers.

Had I been present at the creation, I would have
given some useful hints for the better ordering of the
universe.

Chas. Holmes.

We understood
Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought
That one might almost say her body thought.

Anna Carlson.

They love their land because it is their own
And scorn to give aught other reason why,
Would shake hands with a king upon his throne
And think it kindness to his majesty.

G. A. Students.

To live content with small means; to seek elegance
rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion;
to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly;
to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions,
hurry never—in a word, to let the best, unbidden
and unconscious, grow up through the common: this
shall be my symphony.

Mr. Hanscom.

The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.

Miriam Herrick.

Elocution and Physical Culture.



MISS MAUD MAYO.

We are happy to present in this issue of the HERALD a likeness of Miss Maud Mayo, who has so ably conducted the department of Elocution and Physical Culture at Gould's Academy for the past two years.

Miss Mayo is a graduate of the Boston College of Oratory, and previous to coming to Bethel, had taught elocution and physical culture for several years, both in Maine and Massachusetts. In connection with her work here, she has drilled students for prize contests in such schools as Bates College, Colby University, Coburn Classical Institute, Edward Little Institute, Lewiston High School, Nichols Latin School, etc.

Previous to 1897, the art of expression had received very little attention from the students of Gould's Academy; but with the advent of Miss Mayo, an interest was at once awakened, her superior ability as a teacher was readily recognized, and classes were formed in both voice and physical culture.

The class this year is doing careful and systematic work, and is making excellent progress. Besides the regular class work, Miss Mayo has, each term, drilled many of the students on their declamations, and the

great benefit derived from the work must have been apparent to all who attended either of the prize contests given during the past two years. One could not fail to be impressed with the forcefulness of delivery and distinctness of enunciation, and it was also a pleasure to note the unconscious ease of bearing and grace of gesture of each contestant.

Miss Mayo has taught us to feel an interest in our selections, and to better interpret them; she has taught us to avoid the causes for the misuse of the voice, and has removed, in a measure, the feeling of embarrassment and lack of confidence. Under her direction, elocution has become an established feature of the school, and we feel grateful to her for the interest awakened, and the stimulus given to this branch of study. May the day be far distant when she shall sever her connection with "Old Gould's."

"O Spirit Moving O'er the World."

We are not always quick to realize the abiding presence of great forces among us till some manifestation reveals old laws shaping new conditions. Then an electric shock suddenly runs through humanity, and we find ourselves touched by a mysterious power that gives help and brings courage. It may be that this revelation has come through the magnetic personality of a man who has a message to deliver bearing upon the higher life; it may come through a great arraignment wherein justice has been vindicated through the passionate protest of nations who saw principle embodied in the person of one unhappy, maltreated Jew; it may come through the inspiration of a poem that has laid upon us all a conscious burden of the world's oppression of man, as in Markham's, "The Man with the Hoe"; it may come as a new conception of the eter-

nal majesty of God, when a great chorus and orchestra overwhelm us with harmony, and the words: "Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Prince of Peace," seem to weigh us down with their grandeur; or it may come to us even more directly through those with whom we have walked and talked, when the veil has been lifted from generous hearts, and "deeds of week-day holiness" have taken form.

There stands at the meeting of the ways, in the center of our village, a source of refreshment to thirsty animals. Far off upon the mountain-side, sparkles the stream that supplies the never-failing blessing of pure water to our dumb brothers. How many grateful thoughts have flown from this village resting-place to Capt. Robbins Grover, who, far away in his Brockton home, receives the white winged messengers in unnumbered hosts,—for who can say that thoughts are not things, and that they do not convey tangible blessings?

Nearer still to our present needs, comes to our village a new happiness in receiving from Mr. Almon Rowe of Boston, a sum that will give one hundred and fifty dollars worth of books to the young people of Bethel, through the Public and Academy libraries. With this gift came such gracious words of sympathetic interest in the welfare of the recipients as to double the value of the gift. One longs for the power to put into words, a picture of all the good that the carefully selected books will bestow upon our Bethel boys and girls, these intelligent, promising young people of our town.

The to-be-immortal "David Harum" said, that "whatever gives a child a pleasure, gives something that lasts for twenty years." Longer than twenty years will be the benefits derived from these masterpieces of literature. Especially will those that are devoted to the Academy Library be sources of power, giving the needed help that can only come through suitable books of reference. Many a youth will instinctively send a thought of gratitude to the owner of the

name which will be inscribed upon these latest gifts, as he finds his quest for knowledge met in Mr. Rowe's new books of reference.

Teachers, like mechanics, cannot build without tools, and our Academy is pitifully in need of the aid other institutions have had bestowed upon them. The utmost good has been wrested from every dollar thus far intrusted to the teachers for such helps, but there is certainly a great opportunity for generosity in the educational outfit of Gould's Academy. With a curriculum demanding that certain branches of science shall be taught, there is the most pressing need of a chemical laboratory, and more books are needed as aids in the study of literature and history. How can a teacher illustrate without materials for illustration? Here is a glorious opportunity for filling a great need. Believing, as we do, that a subtle spiritual chain links thought to thought, that we are all far more in communion with others than we know, we place this need before a world wherein Gould's Academy, though always struggling with difficulties, has for over half a century exerted a far-reaching influence, and held an honorable position.

M. T. G.

In Memoriam.

It is with much sorrow that we record the death of Miss Cora W. Hastings, a former graduate and teacher of this Academy, who was summoned to join the heavenly chorus, August sixth. Well do her associates know her fitness for the call.

Hers was one of those rare characters, that was ever ready to aid others, regardless of the cost to herself. Though her life here

was short, it was not a shortened life, but having completed all the duties allotted to her, she was thus early prepared to go on with the higher work. Nor is she lost to us, for the sweet influence of her life will ever be a guiding star to those who knew and loved her.

"She has passed away
Like a gentle breath,
And her eyes are closed in the sleep of death.
The leaves on the trees will flutter and fall,
And the drifting snow will cover all—
But she will peacefully, calmly rest—
Forever happy,
By angels blest.

Just in the prime
Of womanhood,
Tender and loving, wise and good.
Ah! too good for simple earth,
Only the angels knew her worth,
So they have called her unto them,
Decking the brow
With a diadem.

She has passed away,
But the sweet good will
Like a fragrant odor—lingers still.
The tender lesson that Memory brings,
The months of patience over us flings.
We learn to follow the path she trod;
To be more like her
Who has gone to God.

I wonder—is she sorry for our pain?
Or if, growing wise,
She, wondering, smiles and counts them vain,
These heavy sighs,
These longings for her face and happy eyes.

Smile on then, darling, as God's will is best.
We loose our hold,
Content to leave thee to the deeper rest,
The safer fold,
To joy, immortal youth, while we grow old."

That best part of a good man's life—his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.—Wadsworth.

Athletics.

As fall again arrives, the athletic spirit of all schools, from the grammar grade to the university is aroused in the cause of foot ball. Gould's Academy, has not until last year indulged in the pleasures and pains of the gridiron, and although her team then was lacking in many respects, and although the last year has seen the departure of many of her best athletes, her present team can, and will with experience, make a creditable showing for itself. It is earnestly hoped that the subscription paper which is being circulated will receive the proper support from those interested in the school and its welfare, and thus encourage the boys to greater efforts in the future. For several years past, Gould's has not been very prominent in athletics of any kind, but as there is good material at hand this year, it is to be hoped that an earnest effort will be made to bring it to its former standing among the secondary schools of the State. Many may say that this has no connection with the welfare of the school, but by unprejudiced observation, it will be seen that latter-nineteenth-century schools consider their athletic standing of nearly as much importance as their literary excellence, for "a sound body makes a sound mind." The literary standing of Gould's is established and known throughout the State, but the athletic standing has been sadly neglected. Now, at the beginning of the foot ball season, is the best time to begin the reformation, and with the aid and sympathy of our citizens, this can and will be brought about.

As the foot ball ardor of the boys has waxed warmer, the girls have caught the spirit of their enthusiasm, and it is proposed that they be allowed admission to the athletic association, and that during the winter months, the gymnasium be given over to them a portion of the time for the practice of basket ball. It is a self evident truth, and

one of which we are justly proud, that among our girls are many of athletic build, and it seems no more than right that they be given an equal chance with the boys. Let us hope that this will amount to something more than talk, and before winter comes that we may see something definite done in regard to the matter.

* * *

Since the above editorials were written, the foot ball team has participated in the following games with the annexed results:

BRIDGTON ACADEMY 29; GOULD'S ACADEMY 0.

It is a stock expression among foot ball enthusiasts that "poor weather and a foot ball game always go together," but certainly Saturday, October 7, was an exception. On this date a game had been arranged between G. A. and Bridgton Academy, and a little after seven o'clock we were off for Bridgton.

The rich, bracing quality of the air, together with the beauty of the autumn landscape, made the ride truly enjoyable, and we arrived in the best of spirits. Knowing the reputation and strength of the team which we were about to meet, it was with no expectation of victory that we went, hence the score of 29 to 0 was not in the nature of a surprise.

At about 2.30, the contesting teams were lined up on the Bridgton gridiron. It was Gould's "kick-off," and Capt. Farwell sent a finely kicked ball into Bridgton's left. It was caught and advanced a few yards. From there, on, Bridgton almost constantly gained ground by successive rushes, our line not being strong enough to fully check her attacks. Twice the ball was in Gould's hands, but it was not advanced by the goal. Before the referee's whistle had sounded time, Bridgton had secured two touchdowns and as many goals.

After intermission, Bridgton "kicked off" sending the ball out of bounds on the left. Upon its second trial it was sent into the hands of Holmes, who advanced it a few yards. Gould's then had the ball for a time,

but lost it on "downs," although not before she had made some fine gains, the end plays of Maher and Cushman being especially worthy of mention. As the second half drew to a close, Bridgton had secured three more touchdowns, thus making in all, five touchdowns and four goals to her credit.

One unfamiliar with the game may regard this as a bad defeat, but in reality the G. A. boys are to be complimented upon holding so heavy a team down to only five touchdowns.

The line-up was as follows :

GOULD'S.		BRIDGTON.	
Carlson,	l. e.	Ames	
Martin, {	l. t.	{ Hamlin	
Marrow, {		{ Parrot	
Stanley,	l. g.	Stuart	
Watson,	c.	Edwards	
Davis,	r. g.	Snell	
Bean,	r. t.	Martin	
Ryerson,	r. e.	Clemons	
Holmes,	q. b.	Foley	
Cushman, {	l. h. b.	Capt. Sanderson	
Marrow, {			
Maher,	r. h. b.	Haskell	
Capt. Farwell,	f. b.	Cannell	
Marrow, {	subs.	{ Parrot	
Maxfield, {		{ Young	

A. C. Eames, referee. E. V. Spooner, umpire and timer. E. K. Maxfield, H. G. Webster, linesmen.

GOULD'S 5 ; BRIDGTON HIGH 0.

The second game of the season was played at Bethel, Oct. 14, with the Bridgton High School eleven. The visiting team was much heavier than Gould's, but the excellent practice of our boys during the past three weeks manifested itself, and enabled them to score a touchdown, and to keep the Bridgtions well away from their ten-yard line.

The line-up was as follows :

GOULD'S.		BRIDGTON HIGH.	
Carlson,	l. e.	Gray	
Martin,	l. t.	Kirwin	
Stanley,	l. g.	O. Davis	
Watson,	c.	Dyer	
Davis,	r. g.	Mason	
Marrow, {	r. t.	Sanborn	
Bean, {			

Ryerson,	r. e.	Ragan
Holmes,	q. b.	White
Cushman,	l. h. b.	Bridgham
Maher, {	r. h. b.	C. Cones
Marrow, {		
Farwell,	f. b.	A. Davis

Score, 5 to 0 in favor of Gould's. Touchdown, Maher.

The officials were: A. G. Wiley, referee. Frank Mason, umpire. M. B. Gay, E. K. Maxfield, linesmen.

SOUTH PARIS 5 ; GOULD'S 5.

Probably the most interesting and evenly contested game of the season was played on the Riverside gridiron, with South Paris High School, Saturday, Oct. 18. From the very beginning, when the "kick-off" was made, it was evident to the spectators that the teams were very evenly matched. It was an interesting sight to watch that swaying, struggling mass of humanity, neither side gaining any apparent advantage, until McAllister, for So. Paris, picked up the ball on a fumble, and sped down the field for a touchdown. After this, Gould's made slight gains, until Wiley made a remarkable drop kick over the goal from the twenty-five yard line, just as the umpire's whistle sounded the end of the first half. In the second half the offensive and defensive work of both teams was much the same. Once So. Paris was perilously near her opponent's goal, but Gould's held her for "downs" on the ten-yard line.

Below is the line-up :

GOULD'S.		SOUTH PARIS.	
Carlson,	l. e.	Rounds	
Martin,	l. t.	Gerrish	
Stanley,	l. g.	Kenney	
Watson,	c.	Bean	
Davis,	r. g.	Edwards	
Cushman, {	r. t.	Parsons	
Saunders, {			
Ryerson,	r. e.	McAllister	
Wiley,	q. b.	Spofford	
Lawrence,	l. h. b.	Fuller	
Maher,	r. h. b.	Hibbard	
Farwell,	f. b.	Wheeler	
Substitutes for Gould's, Holmes, Saunders, Tuell ; for So. Paris, Curtis and Spofford.			
Referee, Earle Stuart, So. Paris. Umpire,			

Frank Mason, Bethel. Linesmen, E. K. Maxfield, C. H. Holmes.

BRIDGTON ACADEMY 34 ; GOULD'S 0.

The second game with Bridgton Academy was played at Riverside Park, Wednesday, October, 25. As before, Gould's was out-classed in brawn as well as in experience, and considering Bridgton's reputation as being one of the best fitting school teams in the State, the score 34 to 0 was not so dis-creditable to G. A., as it would otherwise seem.

The line-up :

GOULD'S.

Carlson, l. e.
Martin, l. t.
Stanley, l. g.
Watson, c.
Davis, r. g.
Bean, r. t.
Ryerson, r. e.
Holmes, q. b.
Smith, l. h. b.
Maher, r. h. b.
Farwell, f. b.

BRIDGTON.

Young
Hamlin
Stuart
Edwards
Snell
Haskell
Clemons
Foley
Cannell
Smith
Ames

Score, Bridgton 34 ; Gould 0. Touchdowns, Cannell 4, Clemons, Hamlin; Goals, Cannell, 2. Umpire, A. G. Wiley, Bethel. Referee, E. V. Spooner, Bridgton. Linesmen, Maxfield, Purington.

GOULD'S 17 ; RUMFORD FALLS H. S. 0.

On the afternoon of Nov. 4, a game was played with the Rumford Falls High School eleven at Rumford Falls. The teams were about evenly matched in weight, but Gould's had the game well in hand from the start, and succeeded in scoring three touchdowns and two goals although the halves were but ten and fifteen minutes.

The boys were used very hospitably and hope to entertain the Rumford boys at Bethel before the season is over.

The line-up was :

GOULD'S.

Carlson, l. e.
Saunders, l. t.
Stanley, l. g.
Watson, c.
Davis, r. g.

RUMFORD FALLS H. S.

Park
Akers
Blanchard
Rolfe
Reed

Bean, r. t. Vaughn
Ryerson, r. e. Voter
Holmes, q. b. Hamlin
Smith, l. h. b. Bradley
Maher, r. h. b. Gleason
Farwell, f. b. Agity

Score, Gould's, 17 ; Rumford Falls, 0.

Touchdowns, Ryerson, Smith, Farwell. Goals, Carlson 2.

Referee, E. L. Harvey, Bethel. Umpire, Wallace Moore, Rumford. Linesmen, Martin, Cyr.

Alumni Notes.

'87.

Miss Jane Gibson, at present a member of the Bethel School Board, is at her home in Bethel.

Miss Martha Gibson is teaching her sixteenth term in the Bethel Primary School.

Charles Hastings, an alumnus of Johns Hopkins Institute and of Bowdoin College, is a librarian in Chicago.

Miss Grace Ames is a successful teacher in New York City.

D. E. Edwards owns a large flour manufacturing business in Fort Fairfield, and has just completed the finest residence in that village.

Harvey Philbrook lives in Lawtey, Florida.

Messrs. Alton and Frank Bryant are in business in Lowell, Mass.

'89.

Miss Grace Chapman, now Mrs. Gould, lives in Portland.

'91.

Miss Edith Grover is employed as a stenographer in Portland.

Arthur Wiley is studying medicine with Dr. Hill of Bethel.

'92.

Ralph Greenlaw, who was graduated from Bowdoin College last June, has received an appointment in the census department at Washington. He was recommended by Senator Frye.

'93.

Miss Alice Purington is assistant teacher in Gould's Academy.

'94.

Archer Grover, of the graduating class of the University of Maine, last June, is now a member of the faculty of that institution.

Albert C. Eames, an alumnus of Bowdoin College, is principal of the Denmark High School.

Herbert C. Rowe is in business with his father, Ceylon Rowe, of Bethel.

Miss Emma Jones resides with her uncle, Dr. Morton, of Bethel.

Miss Addie Gordon is at her home in Bethel.

'95.

Howard Wiley is conductor on an electric road in Boston.

'96.

William Bryant is employed as book-keeper in the store of J. W. Bennett, Gilead.

Miss Joan Stearns is studying music in Boston.

Miss Bertha Wiley entered Colby College, this fall.

Gilman Chapman is employed as clerk in the store of G. P. Bean, Bethel.

George Merrow is a telegraph operator in the Grand Trunk Railway's employ.

Miss Clyde Bartlett, now Mrs. Warren Emery, lives in Bethel.

'97.

Miss Ethel Richardson is teaching at Grover Hill.

Miss Winnie Hall, now Mrs. L. U. Bartlett, resides in Mayville, Bethel.

'98.

Gerry Brooks is employed on a steamboat at Metalluk Island.

'99.

Leon Walker and Robert Bisbee entered Bowdoin College this fall.

Miss Beatrice Kelliher is in Berlin, N. H.

George French is at work in the office of the Maine Farmer, at Augusta.

Miss Cora Farwell is teaching at West Bethel.

Miss Vivian Kelliher is in Gorham, N. H.

Miss Edith Abbott is teaching in Bethel.

Miss Ruby Smith is teaching at North Newry.

Miss Florence Carter is at her home in Bethel.

Miss Mabel Shaw is teaching at Wilson's Mills.

Exchanges.

The number of school papers upon our exchange table is still much smaller than we would like to see it. We want to exchange the HERALD with every school in the State which publishes a paper, for we consider this most beneficial in our editorial work. We say especially those in the State, but we are always pleased to welcome those from other states. Below is the list which we have received since our last issue.

Bates Student, Coburn Clarion, Greely Institute Star, The Wreath, High School Progress, The Chronicle, Academy Zephyr, Tripod, Academy Bell, Washington Academy Herald, Lever, High School Breccia, Messenger, Recorder, Ariel, Stranger, Enterprize, Scroll, Phillipian, Good Will Record, Breeze, Phractra, Racquet, Amaracus, Angelus, Forum.

The Amaracus, Monmouth, is a finely written paper. It excels both in quality

and quantity.

The Stranger, No. Bridgton, is again "on deck," with its usual amount of vim and vigor.

The Racquet, Portland, as usual, contains some exceptionally fine stories. We heartily approve of the prize-story method which the Racquet employs, and think other school publications would do well to imitate the example of Maine's largest high school.

We congratulate the High School Progress, Sangerville, on the general merit of its pages.

We are very sorry to note that that bright paper, the Winthropian, Winthrop, has been discontinued.

It is our belief that the issues of most school papers are too far apart for continued stories, as one is apt to lose the thread of the story, in the interval between the numbers.

The Tripod, Saco, advises the School Bell Echoes to elect a few more editors to their staff, as they have only twelve to do the work for an eight-page paper. We suggest the same rule might apply to the Tripod, as they have only fifteen editors for a twelve-page paper.

If the Leavitt Angelus can keep up the standard of its first issue, the paper will certainly be a success.

A student of English Literature taking up the "Ancient Mariner" for the first time, can obtain much help by reading the story as told by one of the writers for the Henry College Forum, Greenville, Texas.

We always enjoy reading the bright articles in the Phillippian, for it is a clean, well-edited school journal.

Happiness is perfume that one cannot shed over another without a few drops falling on one's self.

The Gold and the Blue.

(A SCRAP FROM THE ACADEMY WASTE BASKET.)

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There's a school far away from the ocean,
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Who will ever her honor maintain.
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Join the ranks of the jolly G. A. students
And march 'neath the gold and the blue.

CHORUS.

Three cheers for the gold and the blue!
Three cheers for the gold and the blue!
G. A., may she prosper forever,
'Neath the folds of the gold and the blue.

Our ranks they are rapidly filling,
We welcome recruits one by one;
And may time never lessen the number
If in honor and duty they come.
To our school we all are devoted,
Our leaders are fearless and true;
And whither they lead we will follow,
'Neath the flag of the gold and the blue.

CHORUS.

And when in the far distant future,
We may roam o'er land and o'er sea,
We'll think of the days that are vanished,
When jolly old schoolmates were we.
Of the days that we spent here together,
And we know that we never will rue,
We were true to ourselves and each other,
And faithful to the gold and the blue.

CHORUS.

The aim of education should be rather to teach us how to think than what to think—rather to improve our minds, so to enable us to think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men.—Beattie.

True politeness is real kindness, kindly expressed.—Witherspoon.

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